The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXIII *March 7, 1941* NUMBER 20

THE WEEK 483

THE NEW FRENCH REGIME *Louis J. A. Mercier* 486

THE STATE OF MUSIC *C. J. Balliett, Jr.* 490

CONCERNING HENRI BERGSON *A. S. Oko—Raïssa Maritain* 492

VIEWS AND REVIEWS *Michael Williams* 494

COMMUNICATIONS 495

THE STAGE *Grenville Vernon* 496

THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 497

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 498

Delilah — Nathaniel Hawthorne — For Life's Sake—To Sing with the Angels—The Hornet's Longboat—Letters from the Corsican—Briefers

INNER FORUM 502

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the *Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman.*

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York. Annual Subscription: U. S. and Canada, $5.00; Foreign, $6.00.

Editors: PHILIP BURNHAM, EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*

Forthcoming Revision of the New Testament

For Scripture Readers

AN EVENT of outstanding interest and significance in the history of the Church in America will be the appearance in a few months' time of a modern revision of the New Testament. This project, sponsored by the Episcopal Committee on the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, invites comment for two reasons. It is one of the most considerable offerings thus far made by corporate Catholic scholarship in this country, and the fact must please our legitimate Catholic pride, our wish for continued worthy representation in that field of learning where the labors of the human intelligence reach the point of greatest significance possible on this earth. Secondly, this version of the New Testament is a "popular" one, in the root sense that it is designed to reach the minds and hearts of the faithful by re-presenting the Christian revelation in the language which to them is most familiar and hence most real. The English Catholic scholars who produced in exile the translation of the Vulgate completed at Douay in 1610 had this identical design. So did Bishop Challoner, whose revision of the Douay Bible in 1750 has been substantially the basis of English Catholic scriptural texts up to the present. Hence the board of theologians and scripturists who have for five years been revising Challoner at the wish of the Episcopal Committee, making its expression conform with the changes which two intervening centuries have imposed on the language, even while bringing to bear the latest findings of sound research, have been working in the accepted Catholic tradition. Scholars will await the new version with a particular eye for the readings of texts; for the Vulgate, the Catholic Latin Bible, which is the basis of the whole, has been the subject in contemporary study of much intensive comparison with the older versions it supplanted. Individual readers will be eager to see how some passage of the weighted Challoner prose has been lightened in style or cleared of archaisms, or contrariwise, whether this or that long-treasured expression—and how many there are worth treasuring!—has been retained. But the majority of readers will read first of all simply for a direct and full communication of the life of Christ. It is true that that life, on the basis of dogma and Liturgy, is already known to all who participate in Catholic worship, even those who never read the Scriptures. But the need is to bring its inexhaustible reality ever closer to men; and their own habit of speech is a most potent aid. This is doubly true today, when the popular study of Scriptures is spreading so rapidly under the stimulus of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

The Right Must Win

Facing Facts Squarely?

ONE OF the most curious aberrations of the human mind is the ease with which it can be swung from the pole of the actual by emotional allegiances. It is not so surprising that in order to justify a cause to which a man has dedicated himself, he will overlook whatever evidence comes his way which would tend to blur the sharp black and white distinctions he has made. But what is most disturbing is that his sense of perception is so clouded by deepfelt emotion that he must assert without ceasing that his cause will be victorious despite the most convincing evidence to the contrary. All this was painfully true in this country during the recent Spanish Civil War, as each day and each week the protagonists of Franco and of the Loyalists published not only the good and evil deeds of respective champions and enemies, but also, regardless, the unbroken military progress on each side. Justice and victory were said to go hand in hand. Once again in the war against Hitler this wishful approach is sharply manifest. The leading editorial in February 28's New York *Times* faithfully reflects the way a great many Americans figure things these days. The subject is Hitler's latest speech. The *Times* adduces the following reasons for optimism on the war: Hitler's daylight air attacks were beaten back last September and have not been resumed; Hitler failed to pre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dict early invasion of the British Isles or even to threaten all-out bombardment; he emphasized instead increased use of "the same old weapon of the same old régime that once before led the German people to complete disaster: the submarine and the slow war of attrition." Can Americans who feel deeply for the success of the British people place much reliance on the emphasis in a Hitler speech? Should present German inactivity be confused with impotence? To face whatever direct challenge the nazis can confront us with—indeed to give Britain the most effective aid in her self-defense—must not the United States be ready to adjust itself realistically to any turn in the tide of battle, to face up to whatever the future has in store?

American Educational Circus

Streamline Fluidity

ACCORDING to current news items the sober business of educating the youth of the land has its livelier aspects. When the Institute for Propaganda Analysis made the front page with a story on its efforts with 1,000,000 pupils in 3,000 schools at creating skepticism about what they read in books, newspapers and magazines, in order somehow to develop "adults with purpose and direction in a community and world atmosphere of conflicting propaganda," it started things. The Dies Committee became interested. Ralph West Robey of Columbia in his report to the National Association of Manufacturers pointed with scorn to the inadequacy of such a view. He spoke at length of the number of social science textbooks his NAM committee had found tended to create discontent with the American government and American enterprise. Meanwhile the Progressive Education Association was meeting in Philadelphia, the American Association of School Administrators at Atlantic City. Professor Harold Rugg of Teachers College, Columbia, defended himself and his fellow-authors, and other speakers at these meetings rallied to the defense. Committees were formed to study the accused texts, to wait upon the NAM, etc. The NAM officials disassociated themselves from the Robey testimony. Local school officials here and there promised to look into these charges, but the embattled educators and textbook publishers had reason to feel that the worst of the tempest had subsided.

All this is a fine build-up for a new book by Dr. Rugg, whose social science texts have in recent years been chief targets of criticism of the Robey stamp. Out this week, "To Make Men Understand," the publishers say, is the story of Dr. Rugg's "twenty-two year battle to bring into the schools a full account of American life—its deficiencies and problems as well as its magnificent achievements." The publishers might have mentioned the phenomenal allies he had in this "battle," the nationwide influence of Teachers' College, Columbia University, and the unparalleled effectiveness of Ginn and Company's supersalesmanship. American schools have bought hundreds of thousands of the Rugg books. The publishers of his autobiography do say, however, that the author is "a ninth generation American and a man passionately devoted to America . . . he recounts his own adventures in creative learning and tells the long, fascinating story of how he developed an approach to education which is fluid, alive to change, adapted to the needs of twentieth century students." Probably this is the sort of thing Reinhold Schairer had in mind when he told the Progressive Education Association that after the war the United States should send 200 selected educators to Europe to organize the education of that ancient continent along modern, human and democratic lines. Possibly the American school year is a long, uneventful grind, but a lot can happen in a week.

Los Angeles Obtains More Publicity

Census Gains

ANYONE who writes about the phenomenal growth and prosperity of Los Angeles without being paid to do it cannot help feeling that he is being had. Long ago, when all of us were telling Ford stories, we knew very well we were building up the Ford car, but we had an interest in that American invention and a sense of identification with it: it is not so sure that the nation feels that way about Los Angeles. At any rate we don't. We wish that many of the people who have given the Los Angeles region a 26 percent increase in population in ten years had remained at home. Or rather, we wish they had been able to remain at home in reasonable security and with a reasonable opportunity for economic advance.

We do not charge that Los Angeles is a gold rush town. Its production and advantages are diversified. Measured by its crop returns, it is the biggest agricultural county in our land. It is also a great and rapidly developing aviation construction center, a great port, an oil and machinery center, a tourist center—it manufactures automobile parts and tires and, of course, there are those things they make in Hollywood. For a booming American region it booms all right. And, alongside the boom a lot of people live taking in each other's wash. But the point we make is that if so many people go to Los Angeles it must be because they think they will find life there happier than the life they are leaving. In many cases they do not just think it: they know it. They have work, and there was no work where they came from.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They have companionship and freedom in what seems to them a big city in place of whatever each one of them may consider the quality of the small town, the lonely countryside he left. But these, the new Angelenos, are an emigration from whole States, and whole regions, of the United States, and by the measure of their success, which we hope may be lasting, they mark with certain emphasis that we have failed to ensure conditions for a stable livelihood in the regions they abandoned.

The Expanding Field of Government

Patronage and Efficiency

THE CIVIL SERVICE REPORT just transmitted to Congress by the President brings forward one of the central problems of modern society. The report of this most impressive committee of eight recommends that classified civil service be extended to all federal government positions except "policy-determining" jobs and those requiring Senate confirmation. It is a usual program, carrying further the evolution of the past. The two first things traditional in American government service reform plans are checks on patronage, and, very secondarily, increased efficiency. In "post-capitalist" times, however, as government officials control more functions—as they take over new types of work, such as management of productive property, control of social and economic services, and overall planning of businesses (including so far most spectacularly, farming) which remain under private detailed operation—the great problem is destined to be that of self-perpetuation of the government service and its separation as a dominating class from the citizenry in general, whose income and way of life will be increasingly dependent upon the government service itself.

Growth in the scope and importance of government work while private enterprise languishes should logically solve the problem of efficiency in the services. Talented and efficient persons can be expected to seek out the jobs which will offer entrance into an increasingly rich and dominating career. It is genuinely surprising that on the same day the President sent the civil service report to Congress, Alsop and Kintner, the very pro-Lend-Lease and pro-All-Out-Aid writing team, claimed in their newspaper column that great administrative degeneration has gone on in the New Deal agencies while attention has been riveted on the war. American government still apparently enjoys some of the healthy, old-fashioned diseases. Alsop and Kintner charge "office politics," "dry rot of personnel," the resignation of able workers and undistinguished replacements, the concentration of bosses on matters outside their jobs, etc. (matters, incidentally, hard to cure by examinations).

The conception of patronage, too, is likely to change more and more. The spoils system implies that a party organization with its center and principal forces outside the government personnel disposes of government jobs for purposes external to the service. The exploited masses of a fully developed totalitarian state may well look back with painful nostalgia to a period when government jobs were at the mercy of irresponsible citizen groups and when tenure was a joke to be laughed at by extra-governmental bosses in the smoke filled rooms of private hotels. When offices really stop rotating and when there are no new victors to claim the spoils: then will arise a threat from public service to shrivel with foreboding reforming elements who maintain a care for democracy.

A Change at Least in Fashion

Wind Shift?

THAT two Fifty-seventh Street Galleries should within the same season judge public interest to warrant the work and expense of putting on exhibitions of contemporary religious art is unprecedented in the annals of New York's art history. It has been more the habit of dealers to discourage any attention to the traditional themes of Christianity on the part of artists of our own day. The Old Masters used that vein up; it isn't "modern" or smart to bother with such things. That has been the general attitude. Perhaps the new interest in this once neglected field merely reflects that vague preoccupation of many "liberals" with things they once thought humanity was best without, one of the most notable of these being religion.

In any case, last month at the Weyhe Gallery a show was held which included not only specimens of the work of older masters, but also of such contemporary artists as Gill, Rouault, Barlach, Derain, Charlot, Boardman Robinson, Nicholas. Next month the Parzinger Gallery, also in New York, has plans for a most elaborate exhibition in which will largely participate artists whose names have hitherto never been associated with religious subject matter, yet who have produced religious work specially for this occasion: Zorach, Feininger, Buk Ulreich, Richard Varnum Poor, Charles Rain, Richmond Barthé, and thirty or forty more.

It is unheard of indeed that two serious exhibitions of religious art should take place in one New York season; what is even more extraordinary is that two score living American artists of considerable standing should have been found, willing to make sculpture or painting or *objet d'art* specially for a "religious" show. From all this it would be naïve to draw any wide conclusion. No artistic revolution is taking place. But the weather vane seems to be trembling; perhaps the wind is going to be NNE instead of due N.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New French Regime

The policies and philosophy of Marshal Pétain.

By **Louis J. A. Mercier**

SECOND only to the bewilderment caused by the collapse of France in June, 1940, was the anxiety as to what the new French régime represented. Was the new government to be a tool of Hitler? Was France to side with Germany against England? That there may be Frenchmen who would welcome a cooperation which would work not only to the immediate advantage of France but of Germany goes without saying, as even some prominent Americans are inclined to think that a nazi-dominated Europe is preferable to a prolonged, destructive war. But of this we may be sure. So long as Marshal Pétain is in control, France will make no move detrimental to England.

If there can be anything more striking than the helplessness of the last leaders of the Third French Republic, it is the reemergence of the hero of Verdun and the decisive way in which he took hold of the direction of affairs on June 16, 1940, at the summons of the President of the Republic.

He was called to the government in order that a great soldier whom all France revered should be the one to ask for the necessary armistice. The reason we may be sure that Pétain will never consent that French forces be used against England is that as the great soldier and truly representative Frenchman that he is, he could accept nothing that would be against the honor of France. Like Francis I he could say, "Everything is lost," but like him he could add: "save honor." He tells us himself in his message of June 25 that because of this he had to accept harsher conditions, but we feel his immense relief and pride when he can assert in that same message:

> Our fleet will be disarmed in our ports, our Mediterranean naval bases will be demilitarized. At least our honor is saved. No one will make use of our planes or of our ships. We keep the land and naval units necessary to maintain order in France and in our colonies. The links which unite them to us are safeguarded. The government remains free. France will be administered only by Frenchmen.

Gabriel Louis Jaray as editor of the address explains this further:

> To remain loyal with respect to England, France accepted harsh clauses in the armistice so that Germany might grant as a compensation Article 8 of the treaty according to which the French navy is to be "demobilized and disarmed," and "the government of the Reich solemnly declares to the French government that it has no intention of using the French navy for its own needs"; moreover, it "declares solemnly and expressly that it has no intention to raise, on the conclusion of peace, the least claim upon the French navy." It should also be recalled that Mr. Churchill had stated on June 13 that if France did not surrender her navy, England would continue to regard her as a friend even if she were forced to make a separate peace.

It may therefore be readily understood what a shock the British attack on the French fleet proved to be. The Marshal described it as follows in his broadcast of July 11:

> A new trial has come to France. England, breaking a long alliance, attacked suddenly and destroyed French navy units immobilized in our ports and partially disarmed. Nothing justified that aggression. If the English government believed that we would accept to deliver our navy to Germany and Italy, it deceived itself; but it also deceived itself if it thought that, yielding to an ultimatum, we would fail in our engagements to our adversary. The French navy therefore defended itself.

Here we may catch the thought evidently uppermost in the Marshal's mind at the time of the armistice and the very keystone of his policy since: No use of any of the forces of France against England, but on the other hand respect of the engagements represented by the armistice.

How inevitable the request for that armistice really was the Marshal also took care to explain. It was inevitable because in the battle of France only 60 French divisions, with only 300 tanks, were left to oppose 150 German divisions including 11 motorized, with 3,000 tanks and 5,000 planes. In short, the battle of France was lost not in 1940 but in the years preceding through the lag in preparation both in France and England. Even before the débâcle in Belgium, France, though mobilizing all her men up to 47 years of age, had 500,000 less than the 3,280,000 she still had in May, 1917, after three years of war. As for England, as in 1914, she had practically to improvise her army after the declaration of war. As in 1914, she did it very slowly, mobilized her men only to 26 years of age, and at most furnished 10 divisions by the spring of 1940. Evidently in 1939 England and France were not prepared to back up their European commitments. The obvious lesson seems to be that wars cannot be won, or even invasions repelled, without far-sighted and adequate preparation. The will to power of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adversary must be matched by an equivalent will to resist him with all it implies.

All this and what has followed may now be better understood because Le Comité France-Amérique has brought together the messages of Marshal Pétain to the French people sent out on June 16, 20, 23, 25, on July 11 and on August 13, 1940; a pamphlet of Marshal Pétain on national education; his address to the American press; his messages for Christmas and New Year's Day; and various leaflets of information. Some of these publications have notes, chiefly by Gabriel Louis Jaray, for many years one of the leading officers of Le Comité France-Amérique—in fact, the present writer met him as such in Paris more than thirty years ago. The Comité was founded in 1909 by Gabriel Hanotaux and has ever since worked for good relations between France and North and South America. Among its more recent presidents have been Leon Bérard, Ernest Seillière, Admiral Lacaze and Marshal Pétain. Always working above political parties to make known the best which France produced, at once conservative in its respect for the whole national tradition and progressive in its zeal for the promotion of French enterprise, the Comité, both because of its experience and membership, was well fitted to work for the reconstruction of France. Its offices are now located at Royat, not far from Vichy, and associated with it in some of its publications, with offices at the same address, is a federation of old associations which include the Alliance Française and the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish committees for the development of friendly relations in foreign countries, with Monsignor Beaupin, André Monod and Alfred Berl among their respective officers. The whole looks like a grouping of all men of good will for the welfare of their common country.

Setting up the government

In the light of these documents, let us now turn to the setting up of the present government of France. It took place on July 11, 1940. Senators and deputies were brought together in a National Assembly, as was the custom, for the election of the President of the French Republic. As M. Jaray recalls, 649 were present out of a possible 850. By a vote of 569 against 80, the following resolution was passed:

> The National Assembly grants all powers to the Government of the Republic under the authority and the signature of Marshal Pétain, to the effect of promulgating, by one or several acts, a new constitution of the French State. This constitution must guarantee the rights of labor, of the family and of the nation. It will be ratified by the nation and applied by the assemblies that it will have created.

The Pétain government is therefore an entirely legal government. It came into existence through a delegation to the executive of the powers of the then existing legislative assemblies. If today in the United States we are discussing wider delegation of such power to the President when we are only preparing for defense, it should be evident that such a delegation was imperative for the restoration of order in prostrate France.

The very day that he was invested with these powers, the Marshal made an address to the French people now published under the title, "The New French Régime." He announced that, in order both to concentrate and decentralize the administration of the country, it would be entrusted to twelve ministers, with general secretaries in charge of the principal services of the state; and that a governor would be named from each of the French provinces with power of initiative but also full responsibility. It is interesting to note that at this date the Marshal was evidently thinking of the whole of France. He wrote: "The government proposes to have its seat in the occupied territories, so we have asked the German government to liberate Versailles and the quarter of the Ministries in Paris." However, he had to explain on August 13 "that on August 7, the German government, while still recognizing in principle this convention of the armistice, stated that it could not authorize the transfer of the French government because of technical reasons and material conditions." How far then the program of the new French régime can be carried out in the occupied regions is not made clear.

What is most striking, however, is that from the first Marshal Pétain reveals himself not only a soldier dauntless in courage, direct in statement, trained to establish order, and if need be to restore it out of chaos, but as a statesman with a well worked out program of government. As early as June 20, in closing his announcement of the request for an armistice, he writes:

> We shall draw lessons from our defeat. Since the last war, we sought enjoyment more than sacrifice, we thought of our rights more than of our duties. We tried to spare effort, we have reaped misfortune. I was with you in the days of our glory. I shall stay with you in the hour of our defeat. Stand by me. The fight is still the same. The stake is France, its soil, and its sons.

And three days later:

> Our faith in ourselves is intact. We are tried but have been before. We shall work out our salvation. Our love for France will reunite us. Like our peasants we are realists. Our destiny depends on our courage and perseverance.

On June 25, after explaining the armistice, he repeats:

> Our defeat was due to our past laxity . . . I am calling you to a moral and intellectual renovation . . . Let us face bravely the future . . . A new order is beginning.

On July 11, after explaining the machinery of the new government as already cited, he outlines his social program in his usual crisp manner:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> We recognize the power of the profit motive and of savings . . . but money has too often been used as a means of domination. Work is sacred and the only source of wealth . . . but both international capitalism and socialism have degraded it. Supposedly opposed, they often helped each other. We shall break up their alliance and put an end to dissensions in our factories and farms. Work and the family will be protected. The French family is the guardian of our traditions of honor and virtue. It must pass them on. But modern youth needs to meet with youth in healthy conditions. We shall see to it. We want every Frenchman to be proud of France, and France of every Frenchman.

In his longest message, that of August 13, the Marshal sums up what has already been done for the more immediate tasks: the older classes have been demobilized, the men with families first, many have been sent back to their homes in the occupied zones and all have been provided with civilian clothing. Some money was given to all for a new start; those without homes were looked after by special groups; youths separated from their families were specially kept in mind. For those of military age the American idea of the CCC seems to have been adopted. They will build camps, stadia, youth hostelries in the villages. Rationing has been organized to avoid famine. Two billions of credit has been allocated to repair buildings, regather livestock, procure seeds. Between August 1 and 10, a half-million refugees were repatriated and more than 50,000 wagons sent back to the occupied zone. Here a tribute is paid to the American Red Cross which in a few weeks supplied more than a thousand carloads of food and clothing to the refugees in the free zone, and several carloads to Paris. The Swiss also are thanked for sending ten carloads, some to the refugees and some to the prisoners. The French Red Cross groups organize the sending of food packages to prisoners. A chaplain, reporting on conditions in the prison camps, testifies that these reach their destination and that they are badly needed to supplement the meager fare.

Christmas message

Throughout, there is a warm paternal note of deep solicitude. It echoes again in the messages for Christmas and the new year, but with a constant call to union and effort:

> It is not yet midnight. But many are sitting up as in our happy years. I come to keep you company. For many, this Christmas will be sad. Some of their own will never come back. Our first thought is for them. Others are prisoners, but they were never so near. We must think also of all those who are in want, of children who will not find toys in their shoes, of the poor whom help has not reached. Children, Christmas is the night of hope, of the Nativity. A new France too is born. You will help to make it beautiful. My friends, have faith and courage. Resolve to work for our renaissance that your children may know again a joyful Christmas. Bon Noël and long live France.

And on New Year's Day:

> 1940 is ended. In 1941 we shall be hungry. The blockade is stopping the six million tons of foodstuffs we imported. We must work hard. Let the peasant till every bit of soil. Our stocks of raw materials are running low. Industries may have to stop. Let all workers make the most of what we have. I call on you all to forget your routines, prejudices, egotisms, rancors, suspicions. Stand together solidly to defend your land and your race. My fervent good wishes go beyond the seas to the peoples of the Empire, and beyond the frontiers to our dear prisoners. France carries on. Happy new year, my dear friends.

There is much more. Limits of space impose condensation. Through the heartfelt sentiment flash reminders of the causes of the disaster and repeated resolves to eradicate them: "Let effort replace criticism. Let all workers know that the government of the national revolution is working to free their future from the intervention of foreign capitalism." The August 13 address is especially rich in these references to the mistakes made and to the Marshal's determination to see them corrected.

> Demoralization and disorganization had spread like a gangrene through the body of the state, breeding laziness and incompetence, even at times systematic sabotage, in order to bring about social disorder and international revolution. Such treasons will be punished. The new France needs administrators imbued with a new spirit. She shall have them. For three-quarters of a century, our political régime fostered discontent and fed the people on wild promises. The game was to embitter them. Now that misfortune is really upon us, the day is passed for lies and chimeras. The rôle of the government must be to help the people to bear up patiently; its sole inspiration must be the common good.

Education

In his article on national education published August 15, Marshal Pétain's philosophy may be more fully discerned. The following is a condensed analysis in the Marshal's own words:

> The national system of education must be reformed. It was based on the idea that its task was merely intellectual education. It neglected the formation of the will and of character. Now the human will is not naturally endowed with firmness, constancy, courage, nor does it infallibly reach the good. To develop these habits it needs a vigorous and constant discipline, and this is the responsibility of the school as well as of the family. The school system was also based on individualism, the individual being conceived as the only real and absolute reality. The truth is that the individual exists only through the family, society, the nation from which he receives life and the means of life. In fact, as our present cruel experience has again proved, when the doctrine of individualism prevails, strong individualities disappear. Individualism has nothing in common with the respect of the human person, under which it often tries to masquerade. Therefore, the French school of tomorrow will teach the respect of the human person, of the family, of society, of the nation. It will not boast of being neutral because life is not neutral. We must courageously take sides between truth and error, good and evil, health and disease, order and disorder, France and anti-France. Every home divided against itself will perish, the Gospel tells us. We intend to rebuild the house of France on the rock of French unity.
>
> In this renovated France, we shall recognize the necessary diversity of vocations. We shall maintain and enlarge the humanistic studies. We shall encourage a free and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disinterested science. To this effect we shall decentralize our university system, strengthen our regional universities and call to the side of their permanent staffs independent original researchers in all branches of knowledge. We shall establish a cooperation between our scientists and our industrialists, and endeavor, without lowering the standards of our schools, to orient them toward a more realistic formation of engineers, doctors, magistrates and even professors. In the same spirit of recognizing the need of applied knowledge and the legitimate prestige of skills, we shall reorganize the primary school system. Work is the inevitable lot of man. As opposed to antiquity, which transferred it to a race of slaves, Christianity taught the respect of work and of workers. The pupils must be shown that it is as noble to know how to use a tool as a pen, and that to be skilled in a craft is more valuable than to have a superficial knowledge of many things. So, to the simplified study of language, mathematics, history and geography, manual training will be added. The consequence will be that the most gifted children will not all be oriented toward nomadic civil service or toward the cities. Each profession, each trade will have its élite locally and regionally. Thus too will be restored the tradition of craftsmanship, for so many centuries characteristic of the French, as opposed to reckless industrialism unsuited to France because of its limited resources in men and raw materials. For the lazy seeking of irresponsible routine work will be substituted training in the intelligent effort, decision and responsibility necessary to produce the masterpiece through which the artisan rises to the dignity of an artist in the tradition of his craft and of his own soil. As recreation, we shall favor the judicious developments of sports to develop health, courage, and the sense of team play, and we shall improve the environment in every village through modern installation of water and electricity. Our predecessors spoke of "l'école unique," one kind of school for all. It bred division, social war, national destruction. What we need, on the contrary, are diversified schools, respectful of liberties compatible with the necessary authority, and of equality compatible with an inevitable hierarchy.

Declaration to Americas

In his declaration to the press of the American nations on August 22, the Marshal summed up what are evidently his main ideas. After recalling the links between France and the United States, American help to the refugees and the community of Latin culture with South America, he continued:

The past of France is the guarantee of its future. The France of tomorrow will be both very new and very old. It will become again what it should never have ceased to be: an essentially agricultural nation. Like the giant of the fable, it will recover its strength by contact with the earth. It will continue to be the land of the arts, high culture and disinterested research; but it will especially seek to recover the old quality-craft tradition which was its glory. It will learn to temper its individualism by discipline, and again honor the great truths of Christian ethics, the foundation of Western civilization. It will cling to the ideals which it shares with the American democracies: respect for the human person and devotion to the family, the community, the country, justice and humanity. Finally, it will try more than ever to develop between the old and the new world cultural as well as economic relations and exchanges in a climate of mutual understanding and friendship.

What the man is

We were told that Marshal Pétain was a senile old man. We find him standing up in the midst of chaos, quietly confident, thinking of the smallest details, visualizing the broadest reforms and writing some of the most virile and moving prose in the annals of French literature. We were told that he could be but a tool of Hitler. We find him imperturbably defending the honor of his country and voicing a social philosophy the antithesis of naziism.

What then of that philosophy? Outside of leftist circles it has had numberless advocates in France for the last sixty years, with its plea for decentralization, executive responsibility, the substitution of competence for incompetence and selfish log-rolling in the nation's councils, the recognition of the dignity of manual labor and of élites at the different levels of necessary social work with a corrective stress on the special worth of the craftsman and the farmer, the consequent diversified education with attention to practical as well as abstract studies, and the safeguarding of the family as the primary social unit.

This philosophy might be called the philosophy of social realism.

"Social realism"

As opposed to the abstract "individual" set loose by the ideology of the eighteenth century toward the development of unethical capitalism, and the idea that to better oneself one had necessarily to leave behind, instead of making the most of, one's original environment, it would restore the idea of concrete men and women, members of diversified communities, all equally respectable in proportion as they contribute to the common good to the best of their abilities.

As opposed to the remedy for unethical capitalism and other social abuses proposed by totalitarians, namely the enslaving of the individual by the state, social realism proposes the respect of the human person and the practical protection of all its inalienable rights by the state; and, on the other hand, the recognition by every individual of his duties to himself, to his community and to the nation, in the light of the moral law and of his own special capacities.

For class war, social realism would substitute class cooperation, and for individual selfishness, self-consecration to the common good, warmed by feelings of patriotism and of Christian universal brotherhood.

That many difficulties will be encountered, and even mistakes made, in the substitution of this realistic democracy to the pseudo-democracy of social irresponsibility there is no doubt. It is, in any case, startling to note that only a few weeks after her defeat France was courageously reorganizing on the basis of formulas which every democracy may well have to take into account if it would survive.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The State of Music

A critical survey of American opera, concert hall and radio.

By C. J. Balliett, Jr.

RADIO, terrible. Recorded music, excellent. New York concerts and opera, poor, on the whole very poor. Concerts elsewhere, really good, all things considered. And that is about the sum of the state of music in the United States. It is rather depressing; it makes one wonder if there is some killing force at work, some sort of decadence spreading sluggishly beneath the surface. Or is there a war economy in force in music, which has not yet been imposed upon the other arts—not even in Hollywood? Yet, note well, they still play Chopin in Berlin—him, a Gallicized Pole, such a combination!—and they revive disused Tchaikovsky operas, and there are in Germany, willingly or not, one of the world's greatest pianists (Gieseking) and a great conductor (Furtwängler). And the London Philharmonic tours England; there are daily concerts in the basement of the National Gallery. So much for music in the midst of war. Consider music in the peaceful city where, without a doubt, more money is spent on music than in any other place in the world.

The Metropolitan Opera during the year underwent something which was called, with all appearances of official sanction, "democratization." This has baffled many outsiders. Did it mean that there was to be something more democratic, or vulgar, or popular, about the operatic productions? Did it imply that heretofore there had been some sort of means test, or Aryan clause, or shibboleth, at the box office, and now that it was lifted, anyone could buy a ticket—at $7 top? Or was it that, in the Metropolitan's campaign for $1,000,000 to buy the opera house and refurbish it, there was something democratic about accepting donations from anyone—just anyone? The Metropolitan did not say, nor did the good ladies of the Opera Guild, who had worked so hard to raise the money.

Half of the million dollars went as a down payment to the previous owners of the house—the "diamond horseshoe" box holders. Although the deal did not make them a profit, it relieved them of annual assessments which had gone as high as $4,500 per box. And although it was announced that anyone—more democracy—could now hire a box, the diamond gentry had first call, and for the most part took it. One missed only Mr. Morgan, the tone-deaf Mr. Vincent Astor and those disembodied opera fans, the box-owning estates of the Gerry, Clews and other families.

So how did the opera look and sound after the democratization had taken place? As one who managed to fall asleep during a normally loud performance of *Die Walküre*—it was that sluggish—I should say, the same as before: often fine, vocally; sometimes good, orchestrally; almost always bad, scenically and stagecraftily. The Metropolitan Opera seems to be motivated most of the time by fear—fear that it may seem to break with tradition in one opera, fear that it may not in another, fear that it may keep its customers in their seats too long. (The Metropolitan policy of long and frequent intermissions is scandalous; one opera, *Don Pasquale,* is so interwoven with intermissions that a scene no more than seven minutes long is arbitrarily presented as the last "act.") Some Metropolitan productions would be hooted in such a place as Palermo, Sicily. *Aïda,* with its dusty, billowy scenery, its ludicrously semaphoring choristers, its stage trumpeters with printed music perched on their instruments, is one of them. The Metropolitan revival of Gluck's *Alceste* set forth some noble music, but fear raised its head again. Nothing seemed to happen in the plot, so they told the ballet to go to it, and the resulting postures and dances were fantastic.

The Metropolitan spent a great deal of money on its opening night production, Verdi's *Masked Ball,* an opera with an excess of foolish plot, whose two conspirators were supposed to be Swedish noblemen but—because of trouble with Italian censors ninety years ago—bore the names Samuel and Tom. This was, of course, sung in Italian—by a cast of some dozen different nationalities (including American) and not one Italian. One Metropolitan revival turned out to be really fine: Beethoven's *Fidelio.* The chief reason was that it had a conductor of real distinction, the exiled German-Jew Bruno Walter. The stirring ovation Mr. Walter received on the opening night undoubtedly had as much reference to his own tragedy and to Beethoven's drama of man's deliverance as it did to the simple fact that he conducted with authority.

Next the Metropolitan and Mr. Walter are to give us opera in English: Smetana's *The Bartered Bride.* The leading lady, Jarmila

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Novotna, declined to sing this in German, and no one else could sing in her, and the opera's, native Czech. Thus this is no triumph for opera-in-English as an institution. I don't maintain that it's wrong. But it's queer. For opera you can understand, the places to go these days are the Juilliard School in New York (surprisingly good student productions), the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, and a few other spots. The Philadelphia Opera Company, which once a month performs something like Debussy's *Pelléas et Melisande,* Tchaikovsky's *Eugen Onegin* and *The Bartered Bride,* is young, hard-working and full of imagination as well as musicianship. And it is building an audience as young and enthusiastic as itself.

Concert music in New York has been routine in the extreme. John Barbirolli has proved a deadening influence, both in choice of programs and interpretation of them, on the New York Philharmonic Symphony, which at times has been one of the two or three greatest orchestras in the world. It took two guest conductors to make the Philharmonic sound like its old self: the Greek Dimitri Mitropoulos, from Minneapolis, and Bruno Walter. From them we heard virtuoso performances and unfamiliar music: Strauss's *Domestic Symphony,* Mahler's *First Symphony* and his great, brooding *Song of the Earth,* Bruckner's long and eloquent *Eighth Symphony.* Other visiting orchestras demonstrated a vitality that New York misses: the reliable Boston and Philadelphia orchestras; the National Symphony from Washington, which played Hindemith's beautiful *Mathis der Maler* (based upon the famous Grünewald altarpiece); the Cleveland Orchestra, which had given the Englishman William Walton's *Violin Concerto* its world première in Cleveland and repeated it in New York; the excellent Chicago Symphony, which in celebrating its fiftieth birthday had commissioned a raft of new pieces—but, alas, favored New York with the least interesting of them. (Everyone wanted, and still wants, to hear the Chicago-commissioned Stravinsky *Symphony.*) The really big New York concert hall events were performances of the Verdi *Requiem,* a shattering, if operatic, work when conducted by Maestro Toscanini, and the Beethoven *Solemn Mass;* both were broadcast by the NBC Symphony and soloists under Toscanini, and originated in Carnegie Hall only because they were benefit concerts. (The Beethoven concert, it was good to note, was a benefit, $10 top, for the National Conference of Christians and Jews.)

Aside from its broadcasts of opera and symphony—which are reported to command a large audience, 16,000,000 listeners for the Metropolitan, half as many for the Philharmonic, half again as many for Toscanini—the radio has been in a sad state musically. BMI versus ASCAP, of course. Although this controversy has been well aired, and now seems near its end, it is worth considering in its proper perspective. The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers is a motley organism which, part copyright pool, part collection agency, part industrial cartel, part burial society, has long since been accused of being a music monopoly—by many States and, indeed by the Federal Government some years ago.

It is perfectly evident that song-writers and publishers should be paid for the use of their product on the air. ASCAP's method of collecting royalties, however, has been to collect a percentage of radio's income. When the networks foresaw increased payments under new contracts proffered by ASCAP last year—a rise from $4,000,000 to $9,000,000, according to the radio, but according to ASCAP only $7,000,000—Broadcast Music, Inc., came into being.

As a corporation, BMI looked quite a bit like ASCAP, at first. But it boasted that, in several important respects, it was different. And it implemented its boasts, under threat of Federal indictment, by signing a consent decree in which it agreed to clean house. BMI sells its songs by the piece—a penny a song per station—and with 600 customer stations it can pay a composer of a hit-tune about $1,500 during the three-month radio life of the song. This is considerably less than ASCAP pays to its successful composers—that is, to composers who, on the basis of past performance, have risen to the highest of ASCAP's twelve classifications. However, it is BMI's contention that it offers unknown composers a hearing, whereas ASCAP has required that from one to five songs be published before the composer is admitted to membership. An ASCAP member with a low rating may get as little as $50 a year. BMI has been swamped with song-writing neophytes. Unfortunately, few of them have turned in hits, with the result that BMI songs like *There I Go* and *Practice Makes Perfect* have driven many listeners to distraction.

BMI's catalog of 350,000 titles is not so impressive as it sounds: aside from the handful of new songs, most of its pieces are Latin American numbers, old Tin Pan Alley pieces—acquired by buying catalogs of existing publishers—and orchestral arrangements of public domain music. Hence the Jeannie of the much-joked-about crowning glory. In passing it may be noted that one BMI publication is a hymnal for radio use—even hymns, or standard arrangements of them, may be copyrighted—in which there are 462 numbers, those for Catholic use being taken from St. Basil's Hymnal. The *Pittsburgh Catholic* called this "a pathetic concoction of sentiment and bad taste," and pointed out that it had been banned in the Pittsburgh diocese and elsewhere.

Curiously, the BMI-ASCAP battle has not dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turbed the public very much, or at least has not caused it to write to the radio stations in any great volume. The networks have noticed no loss of listeners, nor of time sales. ASCAP made an issue in advance of the disappearance of *God Bless America* from the air-waves, but that wretched tune, despite its ordinarily-vocal public and pluggers, has apparently not been missed. An ASCAP program on independent stations, a chest-thumping jamboree featuring such men-who-write-the-nation's-songs as George Cohan, struck me, in one hearing, as unconscionably dismal. It was shortly taken off. Another aspect of the public taste is revealed in the fact that ASCAP sales of sheet music have dropped off sharply. BMI pieces have taken the lead, although total sales are below normal. The inescapable conclusion is that it takes the radio to make a hit, even if the hit is a tepid one.

Musical improvisation has been banned on the air, on the rather dubious premise that an unpremeditated riff might plagiarize some ASCAP tune. This represents an excess of caution. The one ASCAP suit, or threat of suit, that I recall, involves radio use of a phrase resembling Gershwin's *Wintergreen for President*—to which certain phrases in Beethoven's *Prometheus Overture,* as well as something in one of the Bach cantatas, bear avuncular if not paternal resemblance. The restriction on improvising is, I think, rather deadening, although it has not had a noticeable effect upon one of the best pure-jazz (in effect improvisatory) programs, the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street.

Although ASCAP cannot be said to have advanced the cause of native serious music very much —such a topnotch composer as Aaron Copland has been outspoken against it—many composers have from choice or necessity cast their lot with it. Thus such an excellent program as Russell Bennett's Sunday night hour on WOR, in which one could hear such a novelty as a charming opera based upon *Clementine,* is off for the duration.

It now seems that the duration may not be long. ASCAP has agreed to clean its house with a consent decree, as BMI has done. The important clauses in the decree would compel ASCAP to allow its individual members to negotiate separately with buyers of music, though permitting ASCAP to collect and pool their royalties. ASCAP would accept as members professional song-writers with one published number to their credit. ASCAP could sell music on a per-program basis as well as by percentage of the buyer's income—although, when the smoke clears away, the radio stations would perhaps admit that the latter basis is the simpler. Provided the radio men can salvage some of the three or four millions they have sunk in BMI, an early settlement with ASCAP seems likely. Possibly BMI could continue to furnish ASCAP with some sort of salutary competition.

The radio stations would do well to enter upon the new arrangement, whatever its nature, with some new conceptions of their power, their responsibility and their independence from control either by Tin Pan Alley or by commercial buyers of time. It is quite an achievement to get a public to accept mousily just what you choose to hand it—Jeannie especially. The radio is bound to admit that it manages to make money doing so, whereas the opera and symphony boards, for all their other sins, are not guilty of profits. It would be well if the people who give us music were to reflect that music is in the safest hands when it is in the hands of those who know it and love it.

Concerning Henri Bergson

A letter from Dr. A. S. Oko and a reply from Raïssa Maritain.

MADAME MARITAIN'S obituary of Henri Bergson is a mystic meditation on the philosopher's "Faith." Nevertheless, a brief word of comment may be permissible. It is possible that personally Bergson believed in a Deity existing beyond the world, or even in the omniscient God of Judaeo-Christian tradition. He himself said that his philosophy leads to the idea of "a creative and free God." It may also be conceded that the philosopher was what is called a "Christian at heart"—as are many Jews, and Hindoos, too. And, surely, one need not stand within the pale to agree that Christianity as a civilization preserves the continuity of moral traditions, Jewish and Greek. One may profess a great reverence for Christianity without regarding oneself a Christian. Indeed the assimilated French Jew may have had a poetical allegiance to Latin Christianity. It is also true that Bergson was a mystic. But faiths other than Catholic Christianity have nourished mystics—even as have heresies. Bergson, for all we know, may have been a spontaneous or instinctive *Hasid.* His anti-intellectualism may have been a direct inheritance from his *hasidic* ancestors. In any case, mystical rebellion against "positivism" or "mechanism" need not be Christian and Catholic. We know that Catholicism evinced sympathy for Bergson's teaching but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so did syndicalism. Thus, despite the Bergsonism of "intention" discerned by M. Maritain as early as 1913, Bergson's three most important books ("Essai sur les Données Immédiates de la Conscience," "Matière et Mémoire," "L'Evolution Créatrice") were put upon the Index in 1914. (Which does not prove much against M. Maritain.)

Further, a scholar or thinker may agree with the Angelic Doctor's texts when he comes across them without necessarily yielding and ordering his mind to their teachings as a whole. Finally, that Bergson and M. Maritain "have met in the middle of the way" does not prove that they "had met in Christ, Who is the Way." The middle of the way is but half of the way. And the leap from a metaphor in the natural order employed by Bergson ("the middle of the way") to a symbol of things in the supernatural order lands our feet in heaven. But here I must stop.

Now I do not wish to snatch a verbal victory. Nor is this intended as a criticism of the mystic soul and its "immediate intuitions." I dare not enter this extra-territorial region. I shall stay on in the arena of sober fact.

Is Bergson's baptism a fact?

It was in the summer of 1937 that I first heard of Bergson's alleged conversion to Catholicism, and that it came about through the influence of M. Maritain. In November of that year, I paid a visit to Professor Léon Brunschvicg, who was a close friend of Bergson's. The late Lucien Lévy-Bruhl had come in to lunch that day. The conversation turned about Bergson—Brunschvicg had seen him the day before—and I asked whether it was true that Bergson had been baptized. Both Brunschvicg and Lévy-Bruhl looked amazed, shaking their heads—as if I had said something preposterous, ludicrous. "There is not a word of truth in the story," said Brunschvicg; "if you knew Bergson, you would never ask such a question." "The thing is simply inconceivable," said the severely rationalistic Lévy-Bruhl. All of which I understood to mean that Bergson's baptism would stultify his professed principles of a lifetime.

Thus Brunschvicg and Lévy-Bruhl, Bergson's friends and neighbors in Paris, did not know what many "knew" in New York, and what I was told in England, in the summer of 1937. Or did the aged and bedfast philosopher play hide-and-seek with his friends? I don't find his alleged hesitancy because of his respect for the Jewish "public conscience" or his "love for his own people," convincing. Bergson was at no time of his long life even remotely identified with the Jewish community. I doubt whether he ever took part in a Jewish cause; he never came to the defense of his persecuted people. And is not conversion an answer to a moral summons? Why, pray, the secrecy?

I submit, with all due respect, that Madame Maritain's inferences as to Bergson's Catholicism are highly speculative and far outrun the evidence adduced by her. As to his alleged baptism (which may have taken place after November, 1937), Madame Maritain knows it only by hearsay—who are her informants? The story, as such, is psychologically interesting—even as it is plausible to the apologist or party man. For my own part, I cannot accept it as fact without further evidence—such, for instance, that the philosopher was buried with Catholic rites.

A. S. Oko.

Madame Maritain's reply

I THANK Dr. Oko for the compliment he sought to pay me by saying that my article on Bergson was a "mystic meditation"; I do not believe that this compliment is deserved. The article in question is only a series of reminiscences, a recollection of facts and happenings, and of certain precise words uttered. Moreover, it is an article which I did not undertake to write of my own initiative. When The Commonweal did me the honor to ask me to write it, I was at first surprised. Then I thought that there was no reason why I should not bear witness to what I knew. If the facts I reported, if Bergson's words, do not agree with what Dr. Oko learned in a conversation with M. Brunschvicg and M. Lévy-Bruhl, it is a circumstance beyond my control. May I add that the title which I had given to my article was not "Bergson's Faith," which appears on the cover of The Commonweal? I called my article merely "Henri Bergson—Recollections." What I wrote was not restricted to the spiritual evolution of the philosopher. My intention was to pay a debt of gratitude to a master whom I loved and to give free rein to precious memories of my heart. And I spoke of Bergson's baptism as of a fact of which I had been informed and which thenceforth there was no further reason to conceal. If I now answer Dr. Oko's communication, it is also in a spirit of objectivity, not of controversy.

The assertion which provoked Dr. Oko's letter has to do with Henri Bergson's baptism. I did not make this assertion as the conclusion of a chain of reasoning (or of meditation), but as a fact which I believe because of my full confidence in the person who (as I said in my article) informed me of it this summer. It is not within my power to convey this confidence to another, any more than I can claim that Dr. Oko should have faith in the weight of my own assertion. For his sake—not for mine, who have no need of such a confirmation—I hope that an official statement, evidence beyond disclaimer, such as some posthumous writing by Bergson himself, may be published some day. If the material necessary for such an official statement exists, it is altogether likely, on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

account of present circumstances of life in France, that there will be some delay in its being made public. In the meantime I merely said what I knew.

I am astonished that Dr. Oko should not recognize even the importance of the final evidence which Bergson gave of his solidarity with the Jewish people: evidence to which the American newspapers specifically alluded. If one knows how little Bergson was a man of action, all this takes on still more significance.

It is quite possible that in earlier days Bergson troubled himself very little about the Jewish community. But there are two reasons today for a Jew to come back with all his heart to his own people: for one, there is the exceptionally cruel, universal persecution of which the Jew is victim; and above all, for those Jews who become Christians, there is the living process of becoming a Christian. Suppose that a Jew should, as is so often the case today, have become altogether a stranger to the Mosaic Faith and hence indifferent to the destiny of Israel. If such a Jew becomes a Christian, he begins only then to understand the depths of his debt to Judaism—the idea of a God at once transcendent and personal; the revelation of the supernatural universe, the roots of his new theology, the beauty of his new liturgy; and only then does he do justice to his people's greatness, and become proud to belong to it. That a Jew should become a Christian without these emotions would be monstrous.

M. Bergson published four great works. The first two ("Essai sur les Données Immediates de la Conscience" and "Matière et Mémoire") established his metaphysical doctrine, which never changed. Between the publications of the third ("Creative Evolution") in 1907 and of the fourth ("The Two Sources of Morality and Religion") in 1932, twenty-five years went by. Twenty-five years nearly silent, but not without deep inward activity and growth. Why be astounded that in morality and in religion twenty-five years of meditation and of research should have produced something very different from what one expected of the philosopher? That his last work disconcerted his philosophic colleagues is well known. And may I add that Bergson himself spoke of this to us with his familiarly indulgent smile?

No, that Bergson and Jacques Maritain should have met "in the middle of the way" does not prove absolutely that they met "in the Christ Who is the Way," and Dr. Oko is right in saying so; this notion doubtless reflects some mystical meditation; but then again I merely wrote: "and *I thought to myself* that they had met in Christ . . ."

I should like to point out, moreover, that I did not say, and that we never permitted it to be said by anyone, that Bergson's conversion came about through Jacques Maritain's influence. Our relations with him were so voluntarily restrained that, from 1913 to 1936 or 1937, Jacques may have seen him twice. And thereafter we paid him only a few visits. But Bergson corresponded with priests and members of several Orders. And do we not know that God, if He desire it, can do without any intermediary whatever?

I am perfectly well aware that one can be an adversary of positivism and of mechanism without being a Christian, and that the mystical life can also be found among non-Christians. I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Oko not very long ago, and I believe that I then expressed in his presence my lively admiration for the Jewish *Hasidim,* as well as for the beautiful book, "Salvation," which Sholem Asch has written about them. The freeing influence which Henri Bergson exercised over so many minds preceded his own attraction to Christianity. Therefore, even if he had not become a Christian, our gratitude to him would have been as deep.

RAISSA MARITAIN.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

FEBRUARY is still with us, as I write, though the winds at Atlantic City, where the writing is being done—or, rather, on a train now taking the writer away from that delectable place—already remind one that the date-line of the next issue of THE COMMONWEAL will be of March. So, perhaps, one more column on February's especial subject—the press—may be tolerated by my kindly readers. (The unkindly ones object so much—and, on the whole, so amusingly—to my views on practically all subjects that it hardly pays to bother about them, except at prayer-time.)

For more years than I care to record I have been hearing about the salubriousness and restfulness and peace and quiet of Atlantic City in the winter time. Thomas Woodlock, my fellow columnist of what can scarcely be termed that fellow in journalism of THE COMMONWEAL, *The Wall Street Journal* (except that Thomas Woodlock's philosophy and spirit are of fellowship's very essence), has been cracking up the winter virtues of this city of pleasure and leisure and salt water taffy and conventions almost as long as I can remember backward in my newspaper life in New York. Well, Woodlock is right, as he usually is (except on the subject of President Roosevelt and the New Deal, of course), but, then, even a columnist who "thinks things over" in the lucid light of Neo-Thomism cannot always be sound. Whatever views the most resolute of sceptics may hold as to the non-existence of Devils would certainly be modified if the sceptics ever worked for the press. Of the reality of the printers' devil—or, rather, of the tribe or rabble or rout or legion of mischievous devils that harass and harry and haunt the men and women of the press—there can be no doubt—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the words of the song (is it from Gilbert and Sullivan, I wonder?) "no possible doubt, no reasonable doubt, no manner of doubt whatsoever!" And, on the theme of the New Deal, a whole drive of demons assail Tom Woodlock's temper—but never his heart or his soul, and only rarely his reason; and then there's a pretty how-do-you-do!

But although I was not surprised, recalling the good judgment of the Dean of our American Catholic journalists, to discover Atlantic City all that he had declared it to be in regard to climate, vivifying air, solitude and silence and peace, assuredly I was astounded—and how I rejoiced—to find a local newspaper, *The Atlantic City Press,* in its issue for Saturday, February 22, turning out a model treatment of that neglected or ignored or maltreated topic, religion. As the day was a great national festival, Washington's birthday, the editors of *The Atlantic City Press* gave a three column headline on page one to a picture of the Father of Our Country, "George Washington in Wartime." Under the picture—a reproduction, and a good one, of a painting or drawing quite unfamiliar to me—were the significant words: "The Revolutionary years of 1776-78 found George Washington often seeking spiritual guidance. This engraving shows him during the almost disastrous winter at Valley Forge."

George Washington is shown at his prayers. His stance is that of a good soldier. He kneels on one knee, his head bared to the winter air, but ready, sword buckled to his waist, to rise at once—as a contemplative monk might (certainly, as he should) hold himself ready even in the midst of the most consoling devotions to respond to a call to duty. The monk's duty, probably, would be one of charity to a neighbor: temporal or spiritual charity: to give bread to a hungry belly, or bread to a hungrier soul. But Washington's duty, in 1776-78, was also charitable, charity cooperating (as our popes teach should be the case with all rulers of business or governments) with justice. And Washington's sword was as certainly as right, as an instrument of the right performance of *his* duty, as the confessional or the kitchen would be to any monk in the performance of *his* duties.

Would that every daily newspaper in our land might have followed the example set by *The Atlantic City Press!* But they did not. However, a good model has more lasting, if slower, power than the lessons of evil or indifferent models of action—so here's hoping.

On page five, a banner headline topped a solid page of real religious news, well-written, all interesting, all of it done with professional competence (diocesan journals, please observe!). The banner headline drew attention to a real, a splendid piece of news. Dr. Henry Merle Mellen, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and, by all accounts, a power for good in city and state, recently was almost desperately ill. Recovering health (what a boon that is!) he offers thanks not only to the Great Physician—but humanly and most religiously to God's human servants, the doctors and nurses of Atlantic City. Not only so—but he rallies the power of the prayer of thanksgiving and gratitude of the whole religious portion of the population—the larger part, of course—through the cooperation of Jews and Catholics as well as his fellow Protestants.

Page six is the editorial page—and a motto in the "masthead" reads:

> To wrestle with the Angel—this prevails
> Though the purpose of the wrestling fails.
> —*Anon.*

A good poet, this "Anon.," as John Kieran so often has pointed out, in "Information Please."

But better as an editor than this particular "Anon." is as a bard, is the editor—or the editors—or the proprietors of this Atlantic City paper, who is, or who are, responsible for giving the whole American press—religious papers as well as secular ones—the best model of the practical handling of religion in a daily newspaper that I have encountered in thirty years' experience of that great but neglected field of journalism.

Communications

PICASSO AND OURSELVES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Apparently "Picasso and Ourselves" (February 14) was written to start a controversy. The clergy can take care of themselves, if they care to do so. As a layman, let me assure the reverend reviewer that we are somewhat aware of modern art, in the quietly detached attitude of mind suitable to *peregrini,* strangers and foreigners, on their way to the City of God. . . .

It is our faith that gives us strength to look quietly and calmly at rebels in art as in life, for we know that this is but a passing phase. Johannes Jörgensen, in an essay, "The Papacy and Culture," writes thoughtfully of this: "Since the victory of the Cross over paganism, nothing can happen in the Christian world of culture except in the sign of the Cross. *In hoc signo vinces*—in this sign is the victory—so much we all know. In a Christian mileau, Christian thought alone has prospect of life and ascendancy. Anti-Christian ideas must die and vanish of themsleves.

"This is exactly the key to the development of modern culture. In a world which is imbued thoroughly with Christianity, prominence is only for the man whose ideas are based on Christianity. Thus unwillingly humanity is led to the point where the prayer in Our Father is fulfilled—that the kingdom of God comes to us and God's will is done on earth as it is in Heaven.

"But if this really be the case, how comes the fight between progress and Christianity, between culture and the Church? Why do not these two great powers of Christendom fall into each other's arms like two long-lost sisters who have at last found each other?

"Christianity in its dogmatic form is the requirement and foundation of culture. This is indisputable. The mobile culture principle is set in the world by an unchangeable Church dogma. The conflict is caused by this opposition between the changing and the unchangeable. Always the Church and its authority will stand on the side of the progress already won with no inclination toward immediately allowing itself to be forced into every new turn of the tide. As Harold Höffding expressed it: 'The Church takes small lessons at a time and only after due opposition gives

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its blessing to the new.' Höffding uses the word 'due' ironically, but it is not necessary to take it so. The Church's opposition to the new is proper, even if the new is flesh of its flesh and bone of its bone: Because, the Church's duty—and with this we come to the Church's second task—is to be the regulator of progress, the Authority which gives its weighty and important sanction only after long and mature study.

"Antonio Fogazzaro in his scholarly book, 'Ascensioni Umane,' gives this principle as the relation between the Church and science: Almost all development, says he, depends upon two factors, one conservative which defends the gained, one progressive which wins new values. In the human world of culture, it is the task of the Church to represent the conservative principle, while thought is the progressive element. It is natural and it is also well, he continues, that a conservative power enters into the development of ideas so as to combat their transforming power analogous to what happens in organic development where the first principle tries to save the racial type and the second to bring out new variations.

"So this opposition of the Church to the new is proper, is its duty, just as the inclination of thought to the new and the testing of all things also is proper, also is its duty. In the world of the spirit both principles are necessary as centrifugal and centripetal forces. If one stopped working the world would either stiffen in a concentration on tradition, or be destroyed in an anarchy of ideas."

C. C. O'N.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In following this impulse to state my appreciation of the fine and thoughtful article, "Picasso and Ourselves," by Father Couturier, I am writing from the standpoint of a resolved conflict between certain of my interests and my dedicated loyalty. To announce my interest in the work of Picasso, and in the modern type of art generally, is perhaps needless in THE COMMONWEAL, and this letter is written from the standpoint of that interest and the degree of understanding that it creates. What I have to say, therefore, is not so much in rebuttal of anything in Father Couturier's article but is, rather, an effort further to clarify the relationship between much of this modern art and the emerging phase of Catholic culture. It will be understood, I know, that by culture I do not mean cultivation. The former is characterized by depth and its roots are in common life; the latter by its spread and shallowness.

To state that there is an emerging phase of Catholic culture is to state a belief rather than a demonstrable proposition. This, however, should not reduce the value of the idea to believing Catholics, to whom the miracle of a spiritual and cultural renaissance is far from being a novelty. This miraculous occurrence is in the category of expected things and there are signs and portents to warrant one in believing that it will not be too long delayed. In this connection it is valuable to remember that a Catholic type of art can only result from the flowering of a Catholic culture.

The matter that is of moment, therefore, is the relationship of art, such as Picasso's, to the burgeoning Catholic culture and to a Catholic type of art. As Picasso is the genius of this art epoch and its most advanced manifestation, Father Couturier is very right in placing him in contrasting juxtaposition to Catholics, as he does in his title. People ask what this strange art of Picasso means, and when I say that it expresses the disintegration of the dominant European culture of the past centuries, I am advancing no very novel thesis. Yet this is what it is and Catholics as well as Marxists, viewing it from the standpoint of their conflicting ideas of unity, are qualified to grasp its terrible significance. When le Corbussier said "My architecture *is* the revolution," he erred only in the excess of his statement. He, with other lesser figures, unites with Picasso in prefiguring and symbolizing the present European revolution.

What then has an art born of disintegration to do with Catholics? What, more particularly, has it to do with American Catholics, whose culture, based, as it must be, on the continuity of Catholic thought, yet holds the promise of vigorous freshness, freed as it is from the stifling incubus of a too pervading, and a decaying, European past? This, mainly, that the course of that art of disintegration should show us the more clearly the separate direction of our own cultural destiny and its, necessarily, separate expression in art. The adaptation of the clichés of modernism to overworked Catholic subjects, as has been done in Europe, is meaningless, and, in the main, pathetic. The solution lies, rather, in a new estimate of the purpose of art in relation to our religion. The character, or appearance, of such an art must then arise from this use, or purpose, and the vigor of its forms will result from the effort vitally to further that purpose. Such an art will certainly be a living art which, to clarify my idea, is quite a distinct thing from the generality of what is called modern art. Picasso, and his kind, therefore, have value to us to the extent they stimulate our desire to find our own, Catholic, expression.

BARRY BYRNE.

The Stage & Screen

Out of the Frying Plan

THIS play by Francis Swann is one of those adolescent trifles which often seem to appeal to New York audiences. It is about a group of young people who want to go on the stage, and who inveigle a well known producer who happens to live under the apartment which they share, into witnessing the performance of a play they have rehearsed. Of course the producer sees talent in the young people and their play, and the curtain falls with his agreeing to present them in a Broadway theatre. That a prominent producer should be living in the ramshackle building inhabited by a group of impecunious kids is of course a little hard to swallow, but then Mr. Swann's play is the type in which reality is only a minor consideration. In fact there isn't any more reality in it than there is in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

average George Abbott production. A line used in it in criticism of the play the young people perform might well be applied to the whole proceedings: "There is nothing in this that George Abbott couldn't cure." It is a pity that Mr. Abbott or George Kaufmann didn't direct the play. They are both masters of making us swallow the preposterous by the employment of skilful bits of business and speed of action. Alexander Kirkland's direction is altogether too leisurely, and the players seem to think they are doing a realistic play. Perhaps by now the pace has been speeded up. To give an audience time to think in such a play is most undesirable.

Most of the players are young, and a number of them have promise. One in particular, Florence MacMichael, with her piping voice, her ineffable stupidity, her slouching walk, is certainly Hollywood bound. Alfred Drake is really excellent as the leading young actor, Barbara Bel Geddes is plump, pleasing and amusing as a nit-wit, and Reynolds Evans gives an incisive performance of an unbelievable Broadway manager. A special word should be said for Mabel Paige as the landlady. Miss Paige shows what experience plus real dramatic talent can do with a small part. Her acting should be studied by the young people of the cast. (*At the Windsor Theatre.*)

Alceste

I SAW only the dress rehearsal of the first professional performance in America of Gluck's "Alceste," and therefore am unable to give a final judgment on the production, yet one thing I can say—it should be seen and heard by all who hold that opera is something more than sublimated vaudeville. The Metropolitan's performance has dignity, and the choral singing is superb. René Maison is admirable as Admetus, and Leonard Warren's fine voice is heard to good advantage as the High Priest. Moreover I thought that Marjorie Lawrence showed tragic dignity and a sense of the classic style in the title rôle. It is true she sang half voice much of the time when I heard her, but it seemed to me a voice at once pure and powerful. Mr. Panizza also directed the orchestra with authority and understanding. The weak point of the production is the ballet. In the old days under Regina Galli the Metropolitan's ballet may have been conventional, but it was workmanlike. Today it is neither of these. In "Alceste" its posturing was neither graceful nor well executed. Indeed at times it was funny. The metropolitan is doing so well in other things, that it is a pity it should have an inadequate corps de ballet. (*At the Metropolitan Opera House.*)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Americana

HOLLWOOD manages to touch on various aspects of the American scene from Georgia "white trash" to selective service draftees, and somehow manages to find comedy material no matter where the studios focus their cameras.

"Tobacco Road" never struck me as much of a play in spite of the argument that it is still breaking all records in America for continuous run. Its lack of conflict and real dramatic values is even more apparent now that it

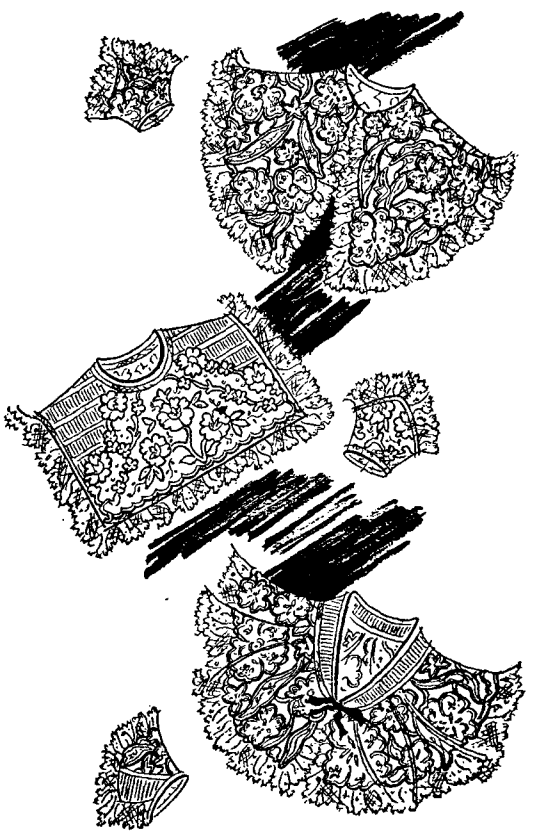
B. ALTMAN & CO.

1941 rule for your fresh, frilly

Lingerie collar

the bigger the better

each set 17.50



beautiful embroidery and frothy organdy . . . and the more of it, the prettier. That's a fashion future come true . . . in a white wave of bibs and tuckers and collars and cuffs, fresh as spray.

Altman neckwear . . . *main floor*

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street Telephone MU. 9-7000
Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been emasculated and filmed without its smutty language, emphasis on sex and most of its degeneracy. Because Nunnally Johnson wrote the script (from Jack Kirkland's play, but with heavier leanings on Erskine Caldwell's original novel) and Darryl F. Zanuck gave it a good production and John Ford's masterly hand directed, "Tobacco Road" will be compared with "Grapes of Wrath" (turned out by the same triumvirate) and will in comparison make a poor showing. It is again the story of land ("You don't own it; I don't own it; the banks own it") and of the people who degenerated into shiftless, worthless "poor whites" when the land fell foul. The plot is mainly concerned with keeping Jeeter Lester out of the poorhouse and with disposing of the two, remaining, half-witted Lester children. (Ellie May is given to her brother-in-law; Dude is taken on as a husband by the covetous preacher, Sister Bessie.) It has been treated with less sincerity than the Steinbeck story and as a consequence its sociological importance is smothered in attempts to bring out the humor of the situation—a humor that is perverse and occasionally sinks to slapstick. The acting of Charley Grapewin, William Tracy, Elizabeth Patterson and Ward Bond is adequate; as the hypocritical, hymn-singing Sister Bessie, Marjorie Rambeau is excellent. The one outstanding feature of the film is its gorgeous photography which portrays eloquently the Georgian country and its abject people. If "Tobacco Road" is fit subject for the films at all, I should like to see it done as a straight documentary for audiences who come not to laugh at its victims.

Although *"Strawberry Blonde"* lacks the pleasant, reminiscent quietness of James Hagen's play, "One Sunday Afternoon," on which it is based, it does have a nostalgic quality and entertainment values of its own. Philip and Julius Epstein added some witty lines and a few new situations in preparing the script. Raoul Walsh succeeded in capturing the good old (horse and buggy, barbershop quartet, high collared men, modest maids, first electric lights) days; and he has directed James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth, Jack Carson and Alan Hale to bring back the spirit of those times. The story is told in a flashback technique as Cagney, in a rather vague characterization, remembers that in spite of his handiness at fisticuffs he always played second fiddle to his friend Carson. He even married plain Olivia on the rebound when Strawberry-blonde Rita jilted him for Carson. While pugnacious Cagney slowly realizes that he got the best of the bargain, you get a lot of 1910 atmosphere, fun and sentiment dished up to the tune of "The Band Played On."

We are probably in for a series of pictures about camp life and boys in the draft. Most of them will be comedies like *"Buck Privates,"* but few of them will be as funny. Abbott and Costello, who know just how far to go to get laughs, go just a little farther to make the usual rookie situations seem ridiculous. You don't have to pay any attention to the story; just listen to the Andrew Sisters' songs in between the comedians' high jinks. For even more hilarious fun, see the latest Marx Brothers picture. (I am prejudiced of course.) *"Go West"* is Americana of a kind too, for it parodies the whole long line of western films that have become an institution since the days of William S. Hart. "Go West" isn't funny for its freshness, but rather because the Brothers Marx are again at their old best with their horseplay, anachronisms and gags. There are the usual slight story (about railroads, a girl and a deed to some land) and a pair of sweethearts (Diana Lewis and John Carroll), but Director Edward Buzzell knows his business and he doesn't intend for you to take them seriously. Some of the Marx stuff is pretty old, but it's still good, such as Chico's and Harpo's digging for gold in Dead Man's Gulch, the riotous burlesquing in the saloon and the whole cast's mad railroad chase across the country. Chico still entertains delightfully on the piano; Harpo plucks a mean harp; and Groucho (with painted mustache and bent knees) knocks out pun after pun like "Time wounds all heels." PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Showplace of the Nation — Rockefeller Center

Towering romantic drama . . . superb, never-to-be-forgotten characterizations . . . backgrounds of moving realism . . . unusual tension and suspense . . . an epic picture.

"SO ENDS OUR NIGHT"

Fredric MARCH — Margaret SULLAVAN — Frances DEE

From Erich Remarque's novel "Flotsam"

Directed by John Cromwell

Released thru United Artists

ON THE GREAT STAGE—*Leonidoff's sparkling new revue*, with Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club and specialties. Symphony Orchestra, direction of Erno Rapee.

First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

Books of the Week

We Poor Sailors

Delilah. Marcus Goodrich. Farrar. $2.75.

EVERY so often two or three of the people who make a living by that particular form of literary harlotry practiced in Hollywood come out with a book, to justify something or other, usually only the writer's ego. With the exception of those written by the late Nathaneal West, they are usually abysmally bad. Worse and more pretentious writers than James M. Cain and Horace McCoy —to name but two—would be hard to find. So that Marcus Goodrich's novel is a pleasing exception to the rule.

It is much more than merely a good "Hollywood" novel, though. In its intention, its subject and its attempted treatment, it is in the greatest tradition of sea tales and throughout it there are echoes, usually feeble, of Conrad, McFee and even Melville. Precisely because it comes so close to being something rather fine, its many flaws seem more egregious than they would if its author had attempted less sedulously to follow in a very great tradition.

Delilah is a destroyer in the United States Navy and appropriately named, of course. To the seventy-odd mem-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIBRARY
CHARLES SEMINARY
CARTHAGENA, OHIO

bers of her crew she is at once a home, a selfish and exacting mistress, a place of almost constant conflict and trial. The relation between men and their ship is an artificial one, and its alleged intensity is made more artificial still by the more sentimental writers of sea stories. Neither Conrad, McFee nor Melville give this relation more than its due, and the fact that this larger relation continually and finally completely breaks down into the many smaller relations between the members of her crew is no particular reflection on Mr. Goodrich. That is the way the thing apparently was and always will be, although Mr. Goodrich sentimentally thought differently.

Although *Delilah* is not at war in the book, her officers and men fight continually—with politicians, with each other, with the crews of other ships, with native constabulary in the archipelagoes of the Pacific, with their engines' faulty cylinders. The atmosphere of conflict is never-ending and the wonder is that the men are not more irritable than they are portrayed.

There isn't much about a destroyer that Mr. Goodrich leaves unsaid. He could have implied some of it and the unfortunate fact is that he is a prolix soul, indeed. His prose derives rather heavily from Conrad and Thomas Wolfe, and while his observation is often finely accurate, one may still wish that he had let his implications speak for themselves and not stop in the middle of some tense story to tell us at length what the hypersensitive Warrington was thinking and feeling.

Mr. Goodrich knows exactly what he is talking about when he confines himself to the Navy. He frequently writes well and, all in all, it is not too much to say that this is the best book ever written about a modern warship and her harassed men. It is true that a certain callowness creeps into the book in that the reactions of some of the characters are those prescribed by a school of fiction at whose lowest level the Rover Boys are included. For example, the Frenchman, Bidot, is the only one who will eat wild oysters, the Jesuit must needs write a Jesuitical letter (and a sad and mawkish burlesque of a Jesuit's letter it is), the most unpleasant people must needs be Irish, etc. But it remains a unique book, most of it highly readable, and worth wading through its five hundred pages.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

BIOGRAPHY

Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Modest Man. Edward Mather. Crowell. $3.50.

EDWARD MATHER has written a fresh and urbane biography of Hawthorne, the chief concern of which is with the man rather than the author. This approach results in a different picture of Hawthorne from those supplied in the literary biography by Henry James and the psycho-literary study by Newton Arvin, and affords an admirable complement to them.

Much literary criticism has been devoted to Hawthorne and more will be; meanwhile it is well to have the facts and the background presented with clarity and wit. For all Mr. Mather's concern with the man, Hawthorne himself remains a shadowy figure in this book, isolated in the "painful solitude" which characterized him in Emerson's mind. Mr. Mather employs a circumferential technique, showing us what Hawthorne was in the view of his friends and by a process of elimination of what he was not, revealing him as he was in reality. As an Englishman, Mr. Mather enjoys a certain perspective in discussing New England's golden age, which results in a new, if sometimes startlingly flat, picture of Hawthorne and his contemporaries. The book also throws new light on Hawthorne's English years and on his opinion of the English. For the rest Mr. Mather uses familiar materials surely and intelligently. He has not painted a highly colored portrait—his colors are of the sober hues appropriate to "a modest man"—but the quality of his craftsmanship makes this book always interesting and often absorbing.

MASON WADE.

Life for Life's Sake. Richard Aldington. Viking. $3.00.

NEVER judge a man by his novels. Those who know Richard Aldington through his fiction will be agreeably surprised by his memoirs. Having thought of him as one of the embittered post-War generation, they will find his cynicism lies deeper than the smart nay-saying of his day. It is born of a striving for perfection, a distaste for the sham and second-rate in the literary and social worlds. It lifts him above the iconoclasts and gives him a detachedness which sets his reminiscences apart from the cant and bleatings of little men.

Consider Aldington's career. Barely twenty, he was already active in the imagist movement, that group of poets who saw in themselves the salvation of a culturally stagnant age. Among them were such notables as Amy Lowell, Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Ford and H.D. Other famous persons were to follow. And yet it may be said of them all—D. H. Lawrence, Norman Douglas, Yeats, T. S. Eliot—they may have influenced him, but none diverted him from his path. He was too busy living.

Eclectics and epigrammatists should revel in this autobiography. Reflecting his insatiable searching for the finest life has to offer, it exposes with surgical honesty the mediocre and chauvinistic scribblers of our times. Sparks should fly among the literary nabobs, for Aldington seldom spares anyone, not even his friends. Richard Aldington has never come as near to doing justice to the largeness of his nature or the vigor of his personality as he does in these lively pages. Clearly the man is bigger than his novels.

RICHARD MC LAUGHLIN.

FICTION

To Sing with the Angels. Maurice Hindus. Doubleday. $2.75.

"TO SING WITH THE ANGELS" is a book that must arouse strong contemporary interest. It is a book that might even have been great, if it had not been seriously marred by sensationalism and an imperfect understanding of Catholicism. But what it has to say about Hitlerism is apparently important.

The setting is the village of Liptowitse in Moravia; the time, the events immediately preceding and following the absorption of Moravia into the greater Reich. The plot concerns the return to Liptowitse of the young German, Jozhka Liebergut, fresh from a crack "Fuehrer" school, all steamed up to carry on the injunctions of the infallible Hitler. This *adele* (or nobleman of the new order) has been taught to despise weakness; he cannot admit the possibility of defeat. It is his job to bring Liptowitse in line for the new order, and he sets down firmly and methodically to his job.

He is the protègé of Hans Ulrich, nazi bigwig, and he is permitted to deviate from the usual nazi method of firmness supported by fear, death and the Gestapo. He tries

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart
133rd St. & Convent Ave., New York, N. Y.

Courses offered: Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment—Liturgical Singing—Polyphony—Choral Singing—Conducting—School Music, Tone and Rhythm Series—Methods—Class in Liturgical Services — and other branches of music. Organ — Piano — Violin — Voice.

A Four Year Course leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Music is also offered.

For further information address secretary.

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York
Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary Accredited. Resident and non-resident. Confers B.A., B.S. Degrees. Special two-year course. Music, Art, Pedagogy, Journalism, Household Arts, Dramatics, Secretarial, Pre-Medical. Athletics.
Extensions: 1027 Fifth Ave., New York City
Paris, France Rome, Italy
Address Secretary
MARYMOUNT PREPARATORY SCHOOLS
Wilson Park, Tarrytown, New York
Fifth Ave. & 84th Street, New York City
Address Rev. Mother

COLLEGE OF CHESTNUT HILL
CHESTNUT HILL, PA.
Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph
Students prepared for graduate, medical, and law schools, for high school teaching, and secretarial service. Gymnasium, swimming-pool, and extensive fields for outside sports. Prospective students should make early application.

COLLEGE OF
NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND
North Charles Street
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages.
For Information Address the Registrar.

ROSARY COLLEGE
River Forest, Suburb of Chicago
A Catholic College for Women
Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wis.
Accredited by the Association of American Universities.
Offers Courses in Modern Gaelic.
Junior Year may be spent abroad in Fribourg, Switzerland

Is Your Child Improving?
Retarded children require medical treatment, training and individual instruction. Investigate our methods and results. Stone buildings, 30 acre estate.
Marydell School, T. Frank Devlin, M.D., Langhorne, Pa.

what seems to the reviewer an even more sinister method—that of cooperation. The Prussian method of cooperation roughly implies that if a citizen were not executed the first time he speaks to the local *fuehrer,* he is under the heaviest moral obligation for this unexpected leniency. When his job, his land, his house and his shirt are removed in bureaucratic stages, he tends to forget the original debt he owes the *fuehrer*—and the good nazi, in turn, throws up his hands in bewilderment at the ingratitude of the non-German, though Aryan, citizen when the latter cannot understand the transcendent sacrifices that Pan-Germania demands. Jozhka's leniency is largely self-delusion in the story. When he really gets things done, we find the inevitable pine box being left at people's doors with a demand that railroad express charges be paid. Sometimes the package merely contains a half-filled urn of ashes. Or when the Gestapo is in a lighter mood, a young man returns home sterilized. Backward peoples just do not learn cooperation easily, and nazis waste a lot of time trying the lighter touch.

The author has skilfully presented the anti-intellectual nazi mind in his hero. Jozhka has built up a strong body—he has been reborn in his muscles. But he has extinguished his mind. Father, mother, fiancée, friends of his childhood, all turn against him—but till the time he commits suicide, he is firmly convinced that he is right and they are wrong.

Jozhka's spiritual perversion is rapid and complete. Tragedy walks the once happy village—with its beautiful traditional culture built around the Mass and the bountiful fruits of a smiling earth. The attack has begun—Jozhka blindly unleashed it—against human personality. Gracious beauty yields to abortion, sterilization, execution and nihilism. The author has caused the heroine, Annichka, to deviate in her killing of her unborn child from the supernatural patience of Catholicism, but in spite of this and certain objectionable scenes, he tells a story of quick and ironic movement, only too convincing and ill-omened for the world.

WILLIAM J. GRACE.

HISTORY

The Hornet's Longboat. William Rees. Houghton. $2.50.

FROM THE PAGES of yesterday comes a narrative of unbelieveable suffering that the men of the *Hornet's* longboat and their captain underwent to preserve their slightest chance to live. And from this narrative there emerges, as Mark Twain, who was out at Hilo, where he interviewed the surviving sailors and Captain Mitchell, says, "a very remarkable man, otherwise there would have been no survivors."

The *Hornet's* log plus the diaries kept by the two passengers, and the thoroughness of William Rees in using these and other sources of material, have afforded a tale that is equal to anything in the written history of the sea.

For forty-three days those that survived made their weary way over 4,000 miles of sea. From a position due west of the Galapagos Islands, which were put beyond their reach by currents and prevailing winds, they finally reached the Island of Laupahoohoo, in the Hawaii group. In this passage they missed the Clipperton Rock and the Clarion Islands through storms and drifting. During this period they cut the two quarter boats adrift, after which they sailed right over the supposed position of the American Islands. And then in the end made the only opening in the barrier reef for thirty-five miles by the sole help of two Kanakas fisherman, as none of the others save

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the captain were able to help. Thus Captain Mitchell had navigated his longboat and had kept fifteen others alive through ordeal after ordeal. PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

WAR

Letters from the Corsican. Anonymous. Vanguard. $2.00.

WARS produce, among other things, literary drivel, as this volume proves. Twenty-two imaginary letters from Napoleon to Hitler are presented, to inform Hitler that the English and the Americans will eventually overthrow him, as the English overthrew Napoleon. There is much of wishful thinking in the book, which conveys the implication that Hitler can be overthrown by righteous indignation, properly directed. The first chapter informs Hitler that England and the United States are simply different names for the same nation. That will be news for at least a few readers. Then Hitler is informed that he cannot trust Mussolini. That surely should be already known, even by Hitler.

Half truths and baseless innuendoes are scattered through the book. In the chapter entitled "How to Conquer America" the anonymous author states, concerning Catholics in America, "Their supreme sovereign is the Pope. It will be a simple task for your agents to point out that the Pontiff has always claimed supremacy over all spiritual authorities. Pope after Pope has specifically inveighed against liberalism and democracy. Furthermore, did not Leo XIII address a communication to an American cardinal warning against what he termed—and is still termed—Americanism?" Again, in the chapter "Kings and Tailors" Hitler is depicted as allocating money for fifth column activity by saying, "Better divide the money in two—half for our Stockholm scribbler, half for our American priest."

The entire book is of course ordinary pro-English propaganda. An effort is made to convince the reader that anyone who thinks that the United States is more apt to lose her freedom and democracy by entering the war than by staying out is unpatriotic. PAUL KINIERY.

BRIEFERS

Beyond the Smoke That Thunders. Lucy Pope Cullen. Oxford.

IN THIS delightful and entertaining book the reader is invited to dance with the authoress—from New York City to Northern Rhodesia—under a biting and satirical pen. Lucy Pope Cullen went, as secretary to an engineer, to work in the Roan Antelope Copper Mines and returned with vivid experiences of the Rhodesian way of life. She tells how a superstition of a snake almost brought collapse to the mine; how a gentlemen's agreement enabled Collier, a young Englishman, to extract from a native tribesman the location of the Roan ore-body; tells of a six-hour football game between natives which came to an abrupt ending only because one player decided to puncture the ball; a Rhodesian tribesman's concept of creation is given; and an involved discussion of ants which is apt to make the reader restless. What makes this book sparkle is Lucy Pope Cullen's razor-keen powers of observation.

Living Biographies of Great Philosophers. H. T. and D. L. Thomas. Garden City. $1.98.

ANOTHER VOLUME in a series which is readable, "inspirational" and very superficial. It could scarcely be anything else. Saint Thomas is in, with 21 others, including Bergson and Santayana.

TRINITY COLLEGE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women
Beautifully located in the Immediate Vicinity of the Catholic University
Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia and empowered by Act of Congress to confer degrees.
Conducted by the
SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME OF NAMUR
For particulars, address
THE REGISTRAR OF THE COLLEGE

SETON HILL COLLEGE
Greensburg, Pennsylvania
Degrees: B.A., B.Music, B.S. in Home Economics
Pre-Professional Training for Medicine, Law, and Social Service. Teacher Education.
Fourteen Major Departments Honors Courses
Accredited by The Association of American Universities
Holds national membership in
The American Association of University Women
Women from 11 foreign countries and 37 American States.

ROSEMONT COLLEGE
ROSEMONT, PA.
Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.
Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Science.
For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.
Fully accredited *Junior Year Abroad*
Telephone Bryn Mawr 14
Address REGISTRAR

FOR WINTER READING
Books of all publishers sent promptly at list price, postage free, on all orders accompanied by remittance. New York City residents please add 2% for sales tax.
Book Service Department
THE COMMONWEAL
386 Fourth Avenue New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CANTERBURY SCHOOL

A Leading New England Preparatory School
Conducted by Catholic Laymen

The Most Reverend Bishop of Hartford, Patron—
Six Years' Course. College Board Examinations.
Complete Modern Equipment. Twenty sixth year.
Eighty miles from New York.

Address: Nelson Hume, Ph.D., Headmaster
NEW MILFORD - CONNECTICUT

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL
Portsmouth, Rhode Island
(on Narragansett Bay, 8 Miles North of Newport)
Conducted by Benedictine Monks assisted by lay masters
Six years course. College preparatory.
120 acres. Every facility for sport and athletics.
The Monks of this Congregation conduct Downside and Ampleforth schools in England and Fort Augustus in Scotland. Catalogue sent on request.
For further information apply to THE SECRETARY
PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL
Portsmouth, Rhode Island

THE NEWMAN SCHOOL
FOR BOYS
LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY
FORTY-FIRST YEAR
Conducted by distinguished Catholic laymen . . . Faculty composed of Catholic laymen with resident chaplain . . . Seven years' course . . . Upper and lower school . . . Prepares for leading colleges and universities . . . Modern buildings, equipment and complete athletic facilities.
One Hundred Seventy Acre Campus Situated in the Healthful Pine Belt of New Jersey.
Sixty miles from New York and Philadelphia
For further information apply to THE REGISTRAR

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.
Church Vestments, Altar Linen
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
147 EAST 47th ST. • NEW YORK
ELdorado 5-1058

BETHANY HOUSE
(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)
DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS
Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service
Comfort and Refinement—Chapel—Daily Mass
Sr. Director, BETHANY HOUSE, Ossining, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.
Tel. No. Ossining 1452
REASONABLE RATES

The Inner Forum

THE SCHOLA CANTORUM of the Liturgical Arts Society is now in its eighth year of activity. The membership is comprised of artists, architects, professors, attorneys and business men belonging to parishes in the metropolitan area of New York. They meet for practice once a week except during the summer months and the nucleus of the membership has averaged 15 during the past seven years; some 65 men have been members of the schola in the interval since 1934. Dr. Becket Gibbs, who has devoted 40 years of his life to the betterment of church music in England and the United States, organized the group and continues to direct it.

This year the schola is rendering solemn Vespers the first Sunday of each month at 4 P.M. at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola in Manhattan, from now until the Feast of Pentecost, June 1. The group has rendered two nuptial Masses for the weddings of its members and also sung a half dozen requiem Masses for members or their relatives.

Dr. Gibbs maintains that enthusiasm is more important for members of the group than a talented voice. There is no call for soloists, but each member is expected to merge his voice in the whole. The schola does not render polyphonic music because of the musical skill required but confines itself to the plain chant of the "Liber Usualis." One of the reasons for the formation of the group was to meet the objection that Gregorian chant cannot be rendered unless a choir is made up of trained vocalists. Their success in the past seven years is a convincing answer to that objection.

The main activity of the Society is the publication of the quarterly, *Liturgical Arts,* which was founded 10 years ago. After its eleventh annual meeting the officers of the Liturgical Arts Society were: Joseph Sanford Shanley, president; Gerard L. Carroll, vice-president; Maurice Lavanoux, secretary and editor of *Liturgical Arts;* Edward Sherman, treasurer; Jean Misrahi, assistant secretary. Reverend John La Farge, S.J., is chaplain. The directors are: Archbishop Howard of Portland, Ore.; Abbot Alcuin Deutsch, O.S.B., of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn.; Reverend Andrew Klarmann, John M. Dooley, Dr. Becket Gibbs, Maurice Harrison, Charles D. Maginnis, John Moody and Mrs. Christopher Wyatt.

CONTRIBUTORS

Louis J. A. MERCIER is a member of the faculty of Harvard University and author of "The Challenge of Humanism."

C. J. BALLIETT, Jr., is an Associate Editor of *Time* and reviews records for THE COMMONWEAL.

Dr. A. S. OKO was for many years librarian of the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati.

Raissa MARITAIN is the wife of Jacques Maritain and is herself the author of a number of volumes of poetry published in France.

Harry SYLVESTER has just completed a novel; he writes short stories for *Collier's.*

Mason WADE lives in Vermont and has written a successful life of Margaret Fuller.

Richard McLAUGHLIN lives in New Jersey.

William J. GRACE teaches history at Fordham University.

Philip H. WILLIAMS plants trees in Connecticut.

Paul KINIERY is Assistant Dean of the Graduate School of Loyola University, Chicago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED